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Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIV. No. 25 MONTREAL, JUNE 18, 1909. 40 Cts. Per An.

'The "Northern Messenger" is a marvel for the price.'—Archibald Lee, Grenville, Que.

W Bronscombe 23 30 09

Love Your Little Brother.

(By Mrs. Sigourney.)

I had a little friend,
And every day he crept
In sadness to his brother's tomb,
And laid him down and wept.

And when I ask'd him why
He mourn'd so long and orc,
He answer'd through his tears, 'Because
I did not love him more.

'Sometimes I was not kind,
Or cross or coldly spake;'
And then he turn'd away, and sobb'd
As though his heart would break.

Brothers and sisters are a gift
Of mercy from the skies;
And may I always think of this
Whene'er they meet my eyes.

Be tender, good, and kind,
And love them in my heart,
Lest I should sigh with bitter grief
When we are call'd to part.

Only a Crack.

Only a crack; only a crack in the wall.

On one side of it was a soldier's eye, on the other side a besieged town.

The town had been holding out against an army to which that curious eye belonged.

That night the soldier moving along the way saw suddenly—what was it?

He went eagerly to it, and there his searching eye began to investigate.

The white moonlight was falling on the streets—empty. Where was the garrison? Warily, with his hands, the soldier made the opening larger, pulling away here and there, the aperture growing larger, until his body went in. There in the shadow of the buildings he made an investigation unmolested.

He went back to his army, communicated all his new knowledge gained that night, and soon an attacking force moved out into the moonlight.

The town was entered and captured!

Only a crack in the wall.

Only a careless thought or an idle tale. Only a wrong deed known only to yourself. A crack in the wall. But the enemy of our souls, the enemy of truth and purity, is already trying to make it larger. Will you let him?—'Pluck.'

Religious News.

The Rev. Hugh Taylor gives in 'All The World,' an instance showing how the Word of God satisfies heart-hunger among the Laos of Siam:

Four years ago we were camped by one of the chief temples of the district. The head priest of the temple came out to see me, and asked about things he saw lying about. He came upon a book and wanted to know what it was. Being told that it was a book, he wanted to know whether it was English or French, and was surprised to find it written in the most beautiful characters he had ever seen. 'Who wrote it?' 'Not written, it is printed.' 'How did they do it? What is it about?' Being told that it was a dream that a man who was in prison had written out, he started to read. When he was compelled to leave he asked to borrow the book. Next morning he brought it back to ask permission to keep it longer; he had read it all night, and had not finished. It all ended in his accepting 'Pilgrim's Progress' as a present, and the fame soon spread through the neighborhood, and we disposed of all the literature we had brought with us and two loads more, but as brethren from the north were coming through Pen Nyow they camped by that temple. The priest called on them and told of the book, and that it had been stolen from him during a Shan raid. He wanted another, and also a copy of the Bible to which the book referred. The old priest received the books with marked gratitude, and seemed especially pleased to get the Bible. We are praying that God will use His Word to the salvation, not only of the priest, but also of many of his followers.

The Rev. A. Hough, of the London Missionary Society, Samoa, gives an account of a visit to the most active volcano in the world, which has recently devastated a large part of the island of Savaii, where important mission work was conducted. The volcano began in August, 1905, in a hollow about eight miles from the sea. It has built up a crater which to-day stands over 2,000 feet above the sea level, and the whole country between it and the sea was covered with lava. Mr. Hough writes: 'There was rock-bound coast, thirty feet high, being formed every moment under our very eyes. It was a huge black mass, weird and fantastic, but repulsive and awful. Village, after village lies buried beneath that fearful mass. Their existence can only be known from the fact that now and again the tower or spire of a church is seen above the lava. The most fertile land in all Samoa lies buried and lost, and perhaps will remain so for hundreds of years.'

One purpose of Mr. Hough's visit was to advise the friends in Savaii as to the continuance of mission work there, but the question was settled by the words of the missionary's wife, who said, 'So long as our people stay, we stay.' The volcano is situated about four miles behind the mission house, but the flow is toward the east, so that for the time the house is safe. Hitherto the lava has only come very slowly, and as yet no life has been lost. Samoans have had time to save their goods, and in some cases have had time to dig out the large posts of their houses. All the churches have, however, been lost.

The part which Indian women played in the recent national congress is causing comment. Over 100 Madras Hindu ladies assembled at the social congress, when several read papers before a large audience of men. 'This is the first time that a caste woman in Madras has ever spoken in public,' was the comment of a Brahman lady. The faces of the men were an interesting study, for the large audience seemed to be vastly amused, astonished and pleased to think that their women folk could speak so well in public. The papers read showed that thoughtful and careful consideration is now being given by Indian women to important domestic subjects. The papers were on 'Marriage expenses,' 'The raising of a marriageable age for girls,' 'Should English be taught to our girls,' etc.—'Madras Statesman.'

Two Christian Chinese opened a bank at Chefoo, last summer, and marked the occasion by a religious service. Mr. Elterich says that every opening of a heathen business firm is attended with superstitious practises. He understands that one-twelfth of the profits of this Christian bank are to go to the Lord's work, one-twelfth to the employees, and the balance to the firm. What would be the result if our church-members at home would conduct their business enterprises on this basis.—'Woman's Work.'

Work in Labrador.

A TRIUMPH OF TRUST.

In a Labrador Hospital.

It was raining, and raining hard. For over a week there had been none, and the earth was very thirsty, the mosses were beginning to look grey and wizened and the bakeapple plants seemed scarcely able to support the small orange-colored berries that were fast ripening. The wooden walk that was the only road of the Labrador Harbor was dirty with the tramp of many feet.

The grass, what little there was of it, had, in hopeless longing for the rain, grown weary with waiting, and was daily shrivelling up toward the death that seemed inevitable.

Even the birds as they tried to sing some gladness into the sullen earth sounded husky. And all for the want of rain.

Then it came, and the grass and the mosses were drinking it in eagerly. The sky was full of clouds that promised an abundance of rain, and the little feathered creatures hopped around twittering contentedly as they watched the puddles beginning to form.

It rained like a fierce musketry on the roof of the hospital, and pattered like the tapping of a million fingers on the windows, dancing a merry quickstep on the pebbles outside.

Night came and still it rained.

Just before midnight the steamer's horn sounded, and lights began to appear in windows here and there which had hitherto been dark.

Not a sound had broken the stillness of the night until then but the rain, but soon figures in oilskins moved ghostlike amid the darkness —will-o'-the-wisps with flickering lanterns.

One or two boats put out from shore with the splash of heavy oars, and as other boats passed them there was a shout of greeting or inquiry as the case might be, although neither crew recognized the other. The hospital was well lit up by this time, and some one was moving quickly to and fro in the upper corridor as the steamer's crew landed and made their way to the long, white building just visible half-way up the hill.

A loud rap at the front door was answered by a nurse in dark blue uniform, and as she sought by the aid of the hall lamp to see the faces of the men, one of them stepped half inside so that the light fell full on his face.

'Good evening, Sister,' he said, respectfully raising his cap, 'we've got two sick men here and a little fellow from down along,' waving his hand over the three in introduction.

'Oh, yes, come in,' she replied in a business-like but kindly tone, and reaching out her hand she welcomed them into the hall where chairs stood ready for any new arrivals.

They looked sorry figures with their wet oilskin coats, dripping sou'westers and heavy sea boots, each holding tightly the small bundle of worldly belongings he had brought with him to the hospital.

'Come along, now,' she said, cheerily, 'we will get you upstairs to bed. I'm sure you won't be sorry to have another sleep.'

So the quaint procession wended its way to the warmer atmosphere of the upper corridor, and into the ward.

The two men were soon comfortably resting, and the little boy, who had been hurriedly deposited on the floor for want of room amid many and sundry blankets, very shortly fell into a sound sleep.

No one woke as the sister passed quietly through the ward with shaded lamp, bending to listen here and there, tucking up the blanket of some restless sleeper, filling an empty cup at another's bedside, glancing at the clock and seeing that the mercury registered the right temperature.

Then closing the door softly, with lamp still in hand she passed along the corridor and lowered the lights, for across the hills a streak of gold heralded the coming day.

The rain had ceased by this time, and four hours later, when another busy day had commenced in the hospital, the rocks and hills were bathed in all the glory of the summer sun.

'Can I see the missis, my maid?' asked one of the newcomers as the wardmaid was busy sweeping.

'Sister will be in directly,' she answered, continuing her work, and at that moment the nurse herself entered.

'Good morning,' she said, taking a general survey of the ward, 'and how has everyone slept? Has the hand pained much, Will?'

'No, Sister, just a nice pain, as you might say, now and again,' and he stroked the injured hand tenderly.

The two new-comers watched her as she walked down the ward, stopping to speak a word at almost every bedside.

Then as she passed the end of his bed, the man who had previously wanted her, ventured to speak again.

'When you have time, Ma'am, I'd like for you to look at me and tell me what you thinks o' me.'

'You mean the swelling, Isaac?' for she had ascertained his name the night before, and noticed the swelling while putting him to bed.

'Yes, Ma'am, I suffers ter'ble pain in it, sometimes most more 'n I can stand. I had a fair sleep last night though, but this morning I feels sommat sort o' eatin' my flesh there now and agin. What do you think on it, Ma'am? Do you think as it's serious?'

'I'm sure I can't say,' was the reply. 'Doctor will be able to tell you what he thinks of it when he comes round.'

This satisfied him for the time being, and very shortly after the doctor was carefully examining him.

(To be continued.)

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—S. A., P.E.I., $1.00; M. McConnell, Ottawa, $2.00; John A. Boyle, Medford, Mass., 75cts.; P. Mc., Parry Sound, $2.00; W. O'Neill, Star City, Sask., 20cts.; A Friend, Ottawa, 50cts.; Total.. .. ..$ 6.45

Received for the cots:—P. Mc., Parry Sound, $2.00; A Friend, Wilsonville, Ont., $1.00; An Invalid, Fort Saxon, 20cts.; Mt. Royal Sunbeam Club, Montreal, per Martha Ward, Sec., $5.00; Total.. .. ..$ 8.20

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 378.78

Total on hand June 1.. .. ..$ 393.43

We have also received for other special hospital work the following sums:—

Ruby, Irvin, and Girdzell Mulligan, Danford Lake.. .. ..$ 1.10

Walter Bell, London, Ont.. .. ..$50.00

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JUNE 27, 1909.

Temperance Lesson.

Rom. xiii., 8-14. Memory verses 8, 10.

Golden Text.

Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. xiii., 14.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 21.—Rom. xiii., 8-14.
Tuesday, June 22.—Rom. vi., 8-18.
Wednesday, June 23.—II. Cor. vi., 11-18.
Thursday, June 24.—I. Pet. i., 13-23.
Friday, June 25.—I. Pet. iv., 1-8.
Saturday, June 26.—II. Tim. ii., 11-22.
Sunday, June 27.—Eph. iv., 17-24.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

We have a very short golden text to-day, and very easy to say, but perhaps it is not quite so easy to understand. Let us all say it together. Well, what does it tell us to do? What do you generally put on? Your clothes, coats, boots, caps, etc., of course, but do you ever put on anything else? What about putting on airs? You don't like a boy that puts on airs and thinks he's too much of a swell to play with so-and-so. But is there anything nice that you can put on? Suppose you get crying over a pain, or because you can't go out and mother says 'Come now, Will, be a man.' She does not mean she wants you to grow up right at once, but she does want you to dry away your tears and to wear a brave face, really to put on the kind of behavior that a strong man would. You can't help feeling the pain inside you, but you can wear a brave face outside, and so you can put on other things than clothes and airs. Now will any one try to tell me what it means to 'put on the Lord Jesus Christ'? It means to be like Jesus, to have Him in our hearts just as we have our clothes on our bodies. You know that disagreeable kind of a boy who puts on airs because his father is rich doesn't forget it, and takes care that other people don't forget it either. After all you can learn a lesson from him, because when you have put on Jesus you should never forget it, and you should let other people know it, too. When you have put on your best suit, are you likely to go playing in the mud with it? Well, when you have put on Jesus are you likely to go into such places as saloons? You can't think that possible, can you? You know to-day we have our temperance lesson, and what we want to see is just what a man should do about this great awful question of intemperance if he has really put on Jesus, that is, wants to carry the thought of Jesus with him everywhere just as you carry your clothes.

FOR THE SENIORS.

In the earlier part of the chapter from which our lesson has been taken the apostle has been urging the necessity of observing the law and giving to every man his due, but that is not the whole of the Christian's duty as it affects his fellow-beings; there is a higher law than that inscribed on any paper, and there is a debt which it remains impossible to pay, although it is incumbent on the Christian to spend his life in meeting its demands. The law of love to our fellowmen may transcend the recognized law of the land, and a Christian cannot plead that his actions are within the law of the land and be pardoned at the tribunal of God if he transgresses this, the higher law of God's kingdom. As Paul declares the whole question of the moral law to be capable of being expressed in the word love, so the solution of every vexed question may be found in the same magic word. If anything works to the happiness and profit of your fellow-beings, then it has passed the text; if it works rather to the detriment and misery of others then a Christian can have no option, under the law of God's kingdom. Apply the test to the great question of the traffic in strong drink, and no matter how the terrible traffic may shelter behind the sanction of your country's laws, it must be shunned and denounced by the man with the broader vision. Nor is a Christian suffered to be selfish in the matter and merely avoid for himself an evident evil. It is part of the debt of love which you owe to mankind that all you can possibly do may be done to save them from a threatened evil. The following chapter (xiv.) is even more emphatic on this question of our responsibility where our fellowmen are concerned. 'It is a question which everyone must decide for himself' say some in speaking of the drink question, but as a matter of fact under the test which the apostle offers in our lesson to-day, it is a question which was desired for every Christian many centuries ago.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 12.—Drunkenness is not the only Work of Darkness. Paul makes no attempt to catalogue all the evils that he would have cast off as works of darkness. In the list, verses 12-14, it seems natural to find drunkenness and impurity and strife especially mentioned. The crimes committed by men under the influence of liquor are the blackest of dark works. What about smoking, would you include it among the works of darkness, or with a play upon words do you say that it is a work of light, then it works no ill to one's neighbor? What about its effects on oneself? Whatever harms one, makes one incapable of doing one's best, or even unfits one for any service, is in truth a work of evil. The portrait of a drunkard given in Proverbs, our last temperance lesson, shows what a sin against self the man commits who becomes intoxicated. It would be easy to paint the portrait of wrecked manhood or womanhood and label it the opium eater or the cigarette fiend. To-day in the Sunday-schools the evil effects of tobacco on the growing youths of the land are being discussed, for whom it is one of the worst of evils.

Significant but not surprising results followed an inquiry recently made into the type of boy who smokes cigarettes. A record of twenty boys in school who did not smoke and twenty who did was kept for a long period. It was found that of the cigarette smokers nineteen were older than the average in their grade, sixteen had bad manners, the deportment of eighteen and the physical condition of twelve were poor, fourteen were in bad moral and eighteen in bad mental condition; sixteen were street loafers, and nineteen failed of promotion. Of the non-smokers none were street loafers, only two failed of promotion, and in all the other mentioned particulars the record shows no more than two who could be classed with the smokers. Street loafing, bad manners, poor scholarship and cigarette smoking seem to go together.—'The Youth's Companion.'

The love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self.—George Macdonald.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

The Epistle to the Romans is one of the undoubted letters of Paul, 'the most "Pauline" of all the writings which bear Paul's name, fundamental among our materials for a Pauline theology.'—Hastings's Bible Dictionary. It was written at Corinth, where (Rom. xvi., 23) Paul was the guest of the Gaius of I. Cor. i., 14. This was during Paul's second visit to Corinth, and in the spring of A.D. 58, just before Paul set sail for Jerusalem with alms collected for the poor Christians there (Rom. xv., 25, 26). Paul dictated the letter to Tertius, an amanuensis, and sent it to Rome by Phebe, a Christian deaconess of Cenchrae, the eastern port of Corinth.

Verse 10.—'Love worketh no ill to his neighbor. Mark that, "no ill!" Perfect love never overreaches, nor defrauds, nor oppresses, nor does any ill to a neighbor. Would a man under the influence of perfect love sell his neighbor rum? Never.'—Charles G. Finney.

It would be hard to name an 'ill to a neighbor' that is not fostered by intemperance. 'The habit of drinking entails disaffection from the family, forgetfulness of all duties to society, distaste for work, misery, theft, and crime. It leads at the last to the hospital, for alcohol engenders the most varied maladies: paralysis, lunacy, diseases of the stomach and liver, dropsy. It is one of the most frequent causes of tuberculosis. Finally, it complicates and aggravates all acute maladies. Typhoid fever, pneumonia, erysipelas, which would be mild in the case of a sober man, quickly carry off the drinker of alcohol. The hygienic faults of drinking parents fall upon their children. If the latter survive the first months they are threatened with idiocy or epilepsy, or they are carried off a little later by tuberculosis, meningitis, or phthisis. For the health of the individual, for the existence of the family, for the future of the nation, alcohol is one of the most terrible scourges.' —'From a report by Professor Debove, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, to the French Supervising Council of Public Aid, 1902.

'We suffer more year by year from intemperance than from war, pestilence, and famine combined—those three great scourges of the human family.'—Gladstone.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 27.—Topic—Self-denial for the sake of others. Rom. xiv., 13-21. (Temperance meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, June 21.—The one Giver. Ps. civ., 14-30; Rom. viii., 32.

Tuesday, June 22.—Generous gifts. Ex. xxxvi., 1-7.

Wednesday, June 23.—A prophet's appeal. Hag. i., 3-11.

Thursday, June 24.—An emptied pocketbook. Phil. ii., 5-8.

Friday, June 25.—A closed book. Mal. i., 6-14.

Saturday, June 26.—A man's best gift. Rom. xii., 1, 2.

Sunday, June 27. — Topic — Missionary pocketbooks. II. Cor. ix., 6-15.

Here and There a Gem.

Egotism is atheism; all egotism makes I greater than God.—Frank W. Gunsaulus.

It makes all the difference in the world whether we are working for God, or whether He is working within us.—Cornelius Woelkin.

How can we account for such a man as Paul? I know of no explanation so natural, so reasonable, and so convincing as the explanation which he himself always offered both to his friends and his foes. 'It pleased God to reveal His Son in me.'—Chas. E. Jefferson.

Summer Sunday Schools.

In not a few places throughout Canada, new Sunday Schools are being formed just about this time to keep open for five or six months—or until the cold weather sets in. Many of our readers know just such a school. Will you not pass on to one of the workers in that school, this copy of the 'Northern Messenger,' marking this item?

We want every Sunday School worker in Canada to know the 'Northern Messenger,' to know that they can make a three weeks' trial of it, in their school AT OUR expense. All that is necessary is for some responsible person, the Pastor, Superintendent or Secretary, to send us on a postcard the number of copies he would like to have to distribute each Sunday, stating where they are to be sent and that it is to be on our 'three weeks' free trial' basis. We will promptly send on the desired supply for three consecutive weeks, with absolutely no charge, whether the school decides to take the 'Messenger' subsequently, on or to leave it. We believe the 'Messenger' can win its own way and we take all the risk, for we are convinced that for the average Canadian Sunday School, particularly where there is a mixed element coming from several denominations, there is no paper that will give such general satisfaction both to old and young as the 'Northern Messenger.'

Then the price is so low. In packages of ten or over to one address it costs only twenty cents a year per copy (just half the regular subscription price. Five cents per copy will secure as many as desired each week for three months. Tell your friends about the 'Messenger' and you will be doing them a genuine kindness. All enquiries should be addressed to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

We have a good round dozen new members for the League this week, and all from Ontario. Ten of them are young Christians of Toronto who have been helping in the work of 'Gypsy Smith' there. They decided to join the League as they felt sure the pledge would help them, so here they are, and we shall hope to hear from them again.

Gertrude Hastings, Esther Ormandy, Annie Palmer, Alice Jones, Myrtle Cook, Bessie Palmer, Annie Hastings, Harry Lunn, R. H. Elphick, and John Howes, all of Toronto. The other two members are two little sisters, Isabella Marjorie Bray, and Annie Margaret Bray, N., Ont.

C., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness and write a letter, too. We have taken the 'Messenger' for about two years, and like it very much. Mamma subscribed for it especially for us. She took it when she was a little girl. She says it is a better paper now than it was then, and she liked it well then. I have two sisters and three brothers. My two youngest brothers are twins. They were born one day in July. My sister and brother and I had gone to the Sunday School picnic, up at Long Lake. When we got home the lady that is working for us told us to go upstairs quietly, and when we got there we could hardly believe our eyes. I could scarcely believe that they were ours. When I went away in the morning I had one brother, when I came home in the evening, I had two more.

MURIEL PURDY.

S., B.C.

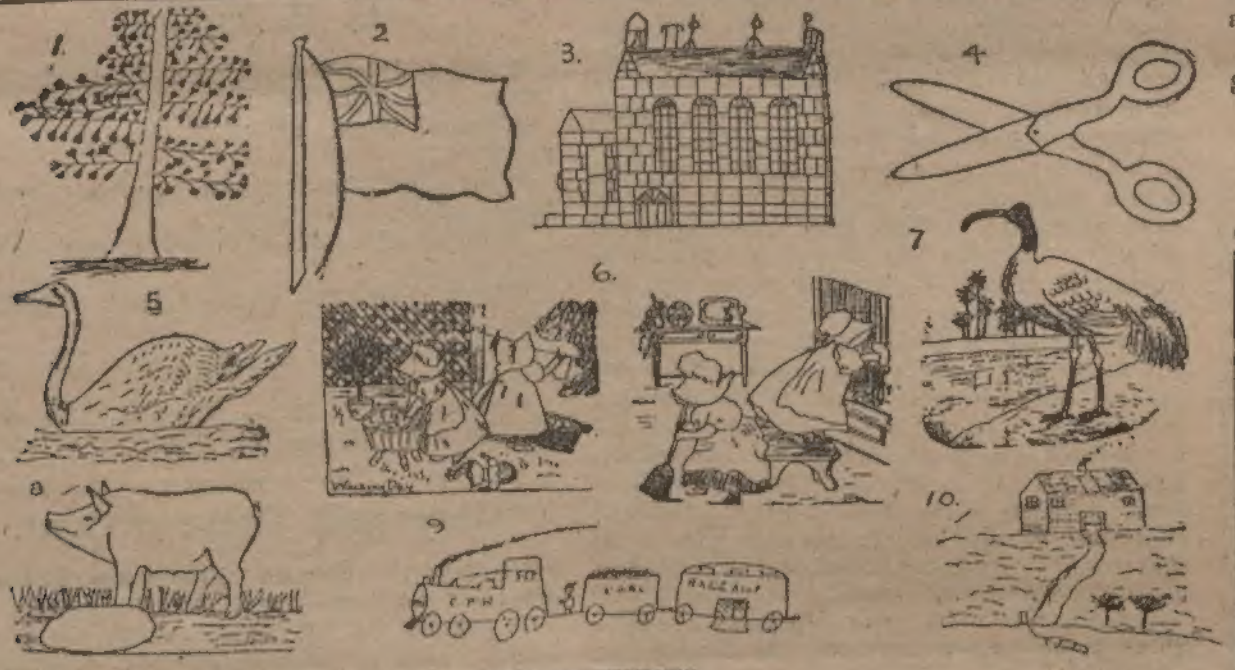
Dear Editor,—I like to ride on a horse. We have three horses and a colt. I have a little pet kitten. She is gray in color. I call her Muffy. We live about a quarter of a mile north of the Fraser river. We catch a lot of small fish here, such as trout, bass, chubs. The trout are about two feet long. Those are the largest. The bass about five inches and the chubs about five. There are a lot of wild flowers here, such as lily of the valley, Easter lily, and adder tongues.

ETHEL SAW.

A. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Our place is quite pretty in summer, a spring creek runs along the foot of our orchard. We live twenty miles from Lake Huron. Every summer we have a picnic to Grand Bend. We leave home about six o'clock in the morning and get there at 9 o'clock. We spend the day rowing, bathing, picking stones and shells, then we all have dinner and supper together and get home about 10 o'clock. I started to take music lessons this spring.

GREGOR McFARLANE.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Pine Tree.' Dorothy Young (age 9), A. M., Ont.

2. 'Union Jack.' Laura Murrell (age 8), C. H., Ont.

3. 'Our School.' G. G. McFarlane (age 10), A. C., Ont.

4. 'Mother's Scissors.' Lucy Creecy (age 7), L. M., Que.

5. 'A Swan.' Annie Louisa Young (age 12), A. M., Ont.

6. 'Washing Day and Spring Cleaning.' Frederick Ralph Burford (age 10), H., Ont.

7. 'Ibis.' Annie Kreiss, A., Ont.

8. 'A Pig.' Ruth Williams (age 9), M. M., Mich.

9. 'Train.' William Kincaid (age 6), Toronto.

10. 'A House by the Lake Shore.' Ethel Saw (age 10), S., B.C.

H. C., Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I have had a mission box this eight years. I get from one dollar fifty, up to three fifty. I get a mission book every year. The teacher at a village near us went to pay a visit to a place, but she had to cross in a boat, and while she was spending a night there the ice came in and she could not cross. But she and another friend of hers had to walk about thirty miles before they reached the village again. The people in this village commenced to build a new church this year. I will close with a riddle:

Two dozen old fellows once came to this earth,
Some shorter than others were found at their birth,
For two thousand years they have lived with each other,
And each is quite ready to stand by a brother.
Notwithstanding their age they're as upright as ever,
And none will deny they are all very clever.
They are mostly in black when they're seen on the street,
But they can wear all colors and look very neat.
They'll go where you send them with never a fall.
Though only one eye have they got 'mongst them all.

MEDIAM ROBBINS.

N. S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have never written you a letter before, so I thought, when I was signing the pledge, I would take a little more time to write you a letter. I am very busy now studying for the entrance I tried last year but failed. I have one sister and two brothers. We all had La Grippe this winter. Mother was in bed four days, so I had to stay out of school.

ADA POAPST.

OTHER LETTERS.

Laura Murrell, C. H., Ont., writes 'I received the R. L. of K. badge and pledge card and thought them very nice.' Laura is a cousin of Hazel Murrell, who joined the League some months ago.

Laura Rumbelow, Charlie Rumbelow, and Ruby May Rumbelow, N., Ont., all write very short letters. Charlie 'caught six ground hogs this spring.' Laura and Ruby both 'help papa feed the calves,' and Ruby says 'We have a dog that will climb the ladder. We have fun with him.'

Louisa and Clifford Grant, E., N.S., write together. Clifford asks: What goes all day and is in the same place at night?

E. A. D., T. D., and G. D., are three little girls writing from G., Ont. G. D. asks: What is it that doth rise and fall.
Travel about,
And wear shoes out,
Yet never have any shoes at all?

Flags
For Home And School

The two letters following give good indication of the way in which the 'Witness' Flag Offer is appreciated on all sides:

Kingsey Falls, Que.
May 22, 1909.

Messrs. JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal, Can.

My Dear Sirs,—I received the flag this morning and am greatly pleased with it. I congratulate your esteemed paper on the effort it is making to spread patriotic sentiment in our Dominion.

Thanking you for the favor, I am,
Very sincerely yours,
JOHN A. JOHNSTON.

Riviere du Loup Station, P. Que.
May 22, 1909.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—Allow me to thank you in behalf of the pupils of our school for the beautiful flag which we received yesterday. All are delighted with it, and feel proud to know that through their [illegible] efforts they have obtained, in so short a time, one of your largest flags.

They began only on Monday last to take subscriptions, and on Tuesday, the day following, had sufficient names on their lists for the procuring of a four-yard flag.

Through their further endeavor, nearly enough money has also been raised towards paying for a very fine pole, which was put in place to-day, ready for hoisting the flag on Monday, Empire Day.

Again thanking you very sincerely,
Yours truly,
W. JOHN M. MAY,
Secretary-Treasurer
Fraserville Dissentient School.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

A Day in June.

O what is so rare as a day in June?
  Then, if ever, come perfect days,
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
  And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen
  We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
  An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
  Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace.
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
  Atilt like a blossom among the leaves;
And lets his illumined being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives.
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
  And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest;
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

—Lowell's 'Vision of Sir Launfal.'

The Red-headed Boy.

(Alice Daly, in the 'Christian Instructor.')

'There's that awful red-headed boy in a fight!' The sharp voice belonged to the sharp-faced teacher of the fifth grade, who happened to be on duty at the noon recess. She hurried to the struggling boys, and with the assistance of another teacher, managed to pull them apart.

'Young man,' she addressed the owner of the red hair, 'this is not the first fight you've had on these grounds, but I certainly hope it will be the last.' She marched the panting boys to the principal's office.

In the meantime, a red head had appeared at an upstairs window; one glance from a pair of intelligent brown eyes took in the situation, and the head disappeared.

'Yes, I saw him, with my own eyes, rush at the other boy, grab him by the collar and fling him down!' The sharp voice was pitched so as to enter the principal's ear, and penetrate to his rather kind heart, arousing it to execute a righteous judgment on the red-headed culprit.

'Be seated, boys. What grade are you in?' The red-headed boy looked up.

'Indeed, I'm sorry to say he is still in mine!' The sharp voice had emphasized 'still.'

'Did you attack this boy first?'

'With my hands, yes, sir.'

'Why do you say "with your hands"?'

'Because he attacked me first, with his tongue.'

The principal looked at the other boy, who grinned and flushed.

There was a tap on the door. 'Come in!' called the principal; and a tall young woman with red hair and brown eyes entered. She looked sympathetically into the eyes of both boys, causing them both to blush with shame.

The red-headed boy blushed, because he remembered the fight he had the previous year; and how this red-headed teacher from another grade had walked all the way home with him. Now she had told him that God had made both their heads red; how He had numbered each of those red hairs; how that it did not first happen to be red, but that God had permitted it to be that color; and tht it was wrong to fight about it, because it was like reproaching his Heavenly Father for making it red.

'Have a seat, Miss McClain; I'm glad you have come. Now,' to the black, drooping head, 'how did you attack him first with your tongue?'

Both boys' faces got redder. After an embarrassing silence, the red head was thrown back, and a pair of honest blue eyes looked at the principal.

'He don't want to tell you because Miss McClain is here. Please Miss McClain, go out! then you can come back when we holler "come."'

The blue eyes looked beseechingly into the brown ones. The principal raised his eyebrows; the thin lips of the sharp-faced teacher curled contemptuously; Miss McClain laughed merrily.

'Excuse me, Professor; but perhaps you don't understand. Why, its something about red heads. You see Pat is so sensitive on the subject, that he can't realize that I'm not at all so. Don't mind me, Ernest, just speak the truth,' but the boy only looked more ashamed of himself.

Miss McClain smiled knowingly at the principal. 'He called him a red-headed, freckled-faced Irishman, I expect. Was that it, Pat?'

'Ask him.' Pat Dillon nodded his red-head towards Ernest's black one.

Ernest raised his black eyes, full of tears of shame to his teacher's intellectual face; and the look in her eyes brought him to his feet.

'Professor,' he stammered. 'I—that's exactly what I said, only—that wasn't all. I said that his mother nearly whipped him last night because she saw a light through the transom and though he was still reading after she had told him to put out his light and go to bed, but she found it was only the light from his head. I—I didn't know how low down it was, until—until Miss McClain came in.'

Pat was on his feet before Ernest had finished.

'It was my fault! I promised Miss McClain last year that I would stop and spell "God made it red," before I fought about it; and I forgot to-day; but it is the first red-headed fight I've had since I promised her,' and they all believed it.

The principal rose and shook hands with the boys.

'Now shake hands with each other!—that's right. Pat, my boy, I believe this is to be your last fight on account of your hair. Now, I want you to study your hardest, so I can promote you to Miss McClain's room. I think there you would soon learn to appreciate red hair.'

'Ernest, your teacher is justly proud of you. You can both go.

'Oh, I do hope you can promote him, Professor! Ever since I first noticed him in school, we've had a queer sort of understanding. I'm sure we could make the most of each other.'

'I sincerely hope he will be promoted!' snapped his teacher.

Pat Dillon was promoted at Christmas, and from the day he entered Miss McClain's room—and looked into her eyes, he became a different boy. He was from the beginning her messenger, because, when she looked up to select some one, a pair of eager blue eyes begged to be of service.

The principal watched with interest the developing of the red-headed boy, by the tactful, intelligent, red-headed teacher.

'Miss McClain has the best behaved grade in the school. I've taught it twice;' declared one senior to another whom she met in the hall, on her way to fill Miss McClain's vacant seat.

'I'm certainly glad to hear it, for I'm awfully nervous about teaching boys and girls of from ten to thirteen; they are simply at an abominable age! I'm not surprised that she has these violent headaches come on suddenly.'

'Don't you worry. If you want any information, just ask that red-headed boy; he's a treasure.'

The nervous senior found the report to be true, and everything had gone on smoothly until the arithmetic class was called, the eight pupils were at the board when suddenly the fire alarm rang.

'The fire drill!' exclaimed the senior excitedly.

'Fire, fire, fire!' shouted a voice in the street below.

The senior sprang from her seat and rushed from the platform. Pat raced down the aisle, caught her in his arms, and hurried her back in Miss McClain's desk.

Interest in Pat's manoeuvres had saved the grade from panic.

Holding the struggling, half-hysterical senior, Pat gave the necessary number of sharp, commanding taps. The grade responded mechanically; but when the little girl who led the line looked into the smoky hall, and saw the white-faced teachers struggling desperately to control themselves, and the crooked lines of crying girls, and excited boys, she hesitated.

'Ernest, lead the line!' commanded Pat, 'and every one hold on to the one in front!'

From the foot of the stairs the principal saw Miss McClain's grade holding their lawful place next the wall. A line too compact to be broken, they came on past him, and in their rear came a red-headed boy, dragging an unconscious senior.

In the morning paper was the principal's account of how Pat Dillon, in the absence of his teacher, had preserved the honor of the sixth grade. Miss McClain read it and was proud of her red-headed boy.

Your case is not the less noble because no drum beats before you when you go out on your daily battlefield.

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A Charming Magazine.

'Pretty Pond Lilies' is the phrase that one instinctively thinks of in looking at the exquisite cover of the June 'Canadian Pictorial.' It pictures a typical bit of quiet water close by the shore, where the huge trees just show in the background behind the swaying, rustling reeds, and where the waxy-white lilies, with their hearts of gold open wide to the glorious sunshine of a Canadian June day.

The whole number is full of the spirit of the Canadian summer time with its charms of out-of-door life. Nor is the number less instructive or really informing because full of charming summer snapshots. The breaking of horses in Alberta, the various pictures of the pack train among the mountains of British Columbia, the camp hospital, with its staff—all these breathe the breath of the open and are pleasant to look at, while at the same time one gets in these pictures more genuine information than in whole columns of descriptive matter.

Few better numbers to send to friends abroad have ever been published than this June 'Pictorial,' and every friend to whom you sent a carnival number should have one of these also, so full of the charm of summer life in the Dominion, the camp-fire, the fisherman's shady nook, the early-morning task by the farm-house door, the gently gliding canoe, as well as of the more strenuous life among the Western plains and mountains.

The music in this issue occupies two full pages and is one of the old Scotch favorites that every one will be glad to have. With the music, and all its other attractions, the June 'Pictorial' is certainly great value for ten cents. Get a copy to-day at your newsdealer's or send direct to the 'Pictorial' Publishing Company, 142 St. Peter street, Montreal.

To NEW subscribers on trial for six months, only 35 cents. See club offers on page 11.

The Boys That'll Hustle Through.

I'll sing you the song of the boys that win,
Of the boys that cannot fail.
Whether at school, with voice and pen,
Or at home with the milking pail.
The boys of grit, the boys of wit.
The boys of courage, too.
The boys that follow a high ideal,
They're the boys that'll hustle through.

I'll sing you the song of the boys that stand
For all that is manly and right
Who take each duty that comes to hand,
And do it with all their might.
The boys of will, the boys of skill,
The boys of honor true;
The boys that follow a high ideal,
They're the boys that'll hustle through.

I'll sing you the song of the boys that rise
To be gentle and brave and free,
First in each noble enterprise.
Who are what God wants them to be?
The boys of cheer, who know no fear.
The boys that'll dare and do.
The boys that follow a high ideal,
They're the boys that'll hustle through.

U. U.

Unsanitary Thinking.

(A Passing Preacher, in the 'Cumberland Presbyterian.')

There had been serious sickness in the house. The plumbers were now busy in it. The plumbing had been found unsanitary and poisonous gases had escaped to the hurt of the family. No head of a family would be so criminally indifferent, that he would not have such bad plumbing remedied.

Here is a man with a lovable family. But he has become a moral leper, unfit to be with pure people. Why? He has been indulging in unsanitary thinking, and he is sick, debauched.

This young man is breaking his mother's heart. He doesn't wish to do it. He is not naturally inclined to do wrong. His thinking is unsanitary. Bad thoughts make bad deeds. The cure is with himself. Cleanse his thoughts.

Here is a woman who has not left the house for two years. The doctor is all the time giving her medicine. But he knows that her trouble is mental and cannot be cured by drugs. Unhealthful thinking. That is the kind of case the Christian Scientists make their reputation on. There are many of them.

A man has failed in his undertaking and is discouraged. Others, with less business capacity than he, are succeeding. Reason? His thoughts are sick, weak. Theirs are healthful, strong, confident.

Unsanitary thinking is a mighty handicap, morally, socially, physiologically, financially. But right thought is not a king cure-all. It will not restore hair to a shining scalp, turn pine shavings into gold ribbons, nor make an ignorant clown a scholarly gentleman; yet right thought and right effort are almost invincible.

'Wherever you find anything true or honorable, righteous or pure, lovable or praiseworthy, or if virtue and honor have any meaning, there let your thoughts dwell.' A fine prescription by Paul; good for all of us. 'Dwell,' hold fast. Try a course of this.

The Ring-dove and its Young Ones.

(J. F. W., in 'Sunday Reading for the Young.')

Two ring-doves built a nest in a fir-tree. It was not a cleverly built nest by any means. It was made of a few dried sticks put crossways in one of the boughs, so that it was quite wonderful that the two white eggs that were laid in it did not fall through to the ground.

But though they built such a clumsy nest, it was surprising how much fuss they made about doing it; and they talked to each other in the most affectionate manner possible, although people who did not know the language of birds could only make out a deep 'coo roo, coo coo.'

I suppose you know that the ring-dove is the largest dove we have, and that it may be at once distinguished from all others by its size, and that it is called a 'ring'-dove because of the white feathers which form a partial ring round its neck.

At last this precious nest was ready, and two white eggs were laid in it, and then the father and mother-bird took it in turns to sit upon and keep them warm, to hatch them.

When the mother was hungry and tired she got off the nest and shook her feathers, and flew off to the corn-fields and turnip-fields, and helped herself to some field peas and beech nuts, and found some clear water, which she drank quite gladly; and then she flew back to her nest, where her mate was anxiously waiting for her return.

At length, after taking care of them in this manner for eighteen or twenty days, the two little birds came out of their shells; but they were blind and helpless, and the father and mother-bird had to feed them.

To do this, the old birds opened their own bills so wide that the young ones were able to take the half-digested food out of their crops; and as the food had by this time become pulpy and like curds, this food has, by some people who want to be funny, been spoken of as 'pigeon's milk.'

On the ninth day, these two little ring-doves opened their eyes, and saw what a very strange world they had come into. But the poor little things had no feathers; their skin was of a blue, livid color, thinly covered with a harsh, yellow down, and they were so weak that they could not have walked if they had tried.

The father and mother bird, however, took as much care of their little ones as your parents take of you.

They went out into the fields and hedges, and flew miles and miles away, seeking for food; and then they came home, and fed, and nourished, and kept the little things warm, until, at the end of the third week, the young birds were fully fledged, and were covered with feathers of a lead-grey. And then the parent birds taught them to fly, and to take care of themselves.

But they told the young ones so many tales about naughty boys, and hungry cats, and all the enemies of which they were to beware, that it is not wonderful the birds were timid and shy; and this is the reason, perhaps, why ring-doves are so much more difficult to tame than any other kind of pigeon.

THE RING-DOVE.

The Boy When He Comes of Age

So you are 21.

And you stand up clear-eyed, clean-minded, to look all the world squarely in the face. You are a man!

Did you ever think, son, how much it has cost to make a man out of you?

You have cost your father many hard knocks and short dinners and worry and gray streaks in his hair. And your mother—oh, boy, you will never know! You have cost her days and nights of anxiety and wrinkles in her dear face and heartaches and sacrifice.

It has been expensive to grow you.

But—

If you are what we think you are, you are worth all you cost—and much, much more.

Be sure of this: While father does not say much but 'Hello, son,' way down deep in his tough, stanch heart he thinks you are the finest ever born. And as for the little mother she simply cannot keep her love and pride for you out of her eyes.

You are a man now.

And sometime you must step into your father's shoes. He wouldn't like you to call him old, but just the same he isn't as young as he used to be. You see, young man, he has been working pretty hard for more than

20 years to help you up! And already your mother is beginning to lean on you.

Doesn't that sober you, Twenty-one?

Your father has done fairly well, but you can do better. You may not think so, but he does. He has given you a better chance than he had. In many ways you can begin where he left off. He expects a good deal from you, and that is why he has tried to make a man of you.

Don't flinch, boy!

The world will try you. It will put to the test every fibre in you. But you are made of good stuff. Once the load is fairly strapped on your young shoulders, you will carry it and scarcely feel it—if only there be the willing and cheerful mind.

All hail you, on the threshold!

It's high time you were beginning to pay your way. And your back debts to your father and mother. You will pay them, won't you boy?

How shall you pay them?

By being always and everywhere a man!—Selected.

The Fair Childs of Glen Elder.

Their names were Marguerite and Dorothy, and they occupied the same room at Miss Hatton's select school for young ladies. Everyone at first supposed they were sisters, but they were not. They kept their own counsel, however, and no one seemed to know how they were related.

'Cousins, probably,' said Helen Sloan, 'for they are both from Glen Elder. It is a grand old place where they live—Uncle Richard has visited them. And—they're blue blood, the Fairchilds.'

'Any one can see that,' exclaimed Grace Bentley, 'they are aristocratic to their fingers' end—especially Dorothy.'

They certainly were attractive girls—the Fairchilds.

Marguerite was of medium height, fair, with lovely blue eyes and hair of red-gold. She was a fine pianist and a fairly good student.

Dorothy was taller than Marguerite, not as fair, with sweet, intelligent dark eyes and a wealth of dark hair. She had the highest record in the school, and possessed an unusually fine voice. Her manner could be expressed in the one word—charming. From the first the Fairchilds were popular. Their room was the favorite resort out of study hours. It was a pretty, sunny room, and bright with the little adornments girls love. They had furnished it themselves. It was not like Helen Sloan's and Grace Bentley's—hung with costly draperies and furnished with elegant upholstery.

'We wanted it simple,' said Marguerite, and simple it was with its two little white and gold beds and canopied tops, its ruffled white curtains at the windows, its wicker chairs with soft cushions, its cosy tea stand and pretty dressing tables.

It really was no wonder that the Fairchilds were popular, for they were free from some disagreeable faults girls of that age often have. They did not gossip. They did not backbite. They had pleasant words and kindly looks for all. They were both on the Lord's side, and showed it in their daily lives.

It was late in June when Miss Hatton's school closed. Marguerite Fairchild had invited Helen Sloan and Grace Bentley to stop over at Glen Elder for a few days on their way home, and they had accepted the invitation.

Mr. Sloan and Mr. Bentley had been at Miss Hatton's at Commencement. The former was a distinguished-looking gentleman, of whom Helen was exceedingly proud. But the latter! I hardly know how to describe him. He was not elegant or fine-looking, but there was the ring of genuine metal in his voice and the impress of goodness on his face. His hands were hardened from toil, his face furrowed from his struggles. After a life of struggle, he had become very rich, suddenly and yet honestly. As he met Grace, his only child, there was a glow on his worn, eager face that told its own sweet story of the wonderful love of a good father. But there was no answering glow on his daughter's face. There was a flush on her cheeks, but it was the flush of shame.

Ashamed of her father! The response to the father's love and pride had been only the red glow of humiliation. He had gone back to his home and work with a heaviness of heart that he could scarcely understand, but he had no thought of blame for Grace, not knowing how she felt, only feeling vaguely that something was wrong. He had come to Commencement on the palace car, but he returned on an 'ordinary.'

'I want to be with the people,' he said to himself, and with the people he was.

Usually it was tiresome to have candy and nuts and magazines tossed in his lap, but now he bought everything that came along. A poor woman with a flock of little ones were in front of him. The little ones were thin and hungry-looking. He supplied them with sandwiches, after which he treated them to nuts and candy. He bought magazines for some poorly-dressed girls across the aisle. He sent out for a cup of hot coffee for a lame old lady a few seats ahead of him. All the way home the tender-hearted, generous man was ministering to others, yet there was a dull, untranslatable ache in his heart. Before he went to bed that night he sat for a long time with his head bowed on his hands.

'I'm afraid my little Gracie is growing away from her father,' he moaned. 'I'm afraid she is.'

Then he fell upon his knees, praying:

'Lord, don't let her get too far away from me—not too far. She's all I've got.'

Grace Bentley and Helen Sloan went to Glen Elder with the Fairchilds. An elegant carriage with a fine span of bays met them at the station. Marguerite reached the carriage first. 'How do you do, Stephen?' she said to the coachman as she extended her hand in a friendly greeting. Dorothy had been detained a moment to attend to some little matter, consequently she did not reach the carriage until the other girls were inside of it. Suddenly something strange happened. Dorothy threw her arms around the coachman's neck and kissed him several times. Her face was radiant, and so was the coachman's.

'Dear old dad,' she said, 'I'm so glad to see you.'

'And I'm glad to see you, my little Dot,' he answered.

And then Dorothy got in the carriage and the coachman climbed to his seat.

Helen and Grace were speechless with surprise. What did it mean? The aristocratic Dorothy Fairchild hugging and kissing the coachman, and calling him familiarly 'dear old dad!'

But the Fairchilds were so delighted to be nearing home that they did not notice their guests' embarrassment. They were rolling along rapidly, and were soon within the great arched gateway of beautiful Glen Elder. There were deer in the park. There were two fountains playing. There was a miniature lake on which some swans were sailing. The magnificent trees, the soft, green grass, the shrubs and foliage plants, the birds singing in the trees, and the June roses climbing here and there made a picture of wonderful charm. And set in the midst like a jewel in a fine setting was the old colonial mansion of the Fairchilds.'

The bays stopped in front of the main doorway. The great white pillars of the piazza were wreathed with vines. A fine-looking gentleman came down the stone steps, and in another moment Marguerite was in his arms.

'This is papa,' said Marguerite, as soon as she was free, 'and, papa, these are my friends, Miss Sloan and Miss Bentley.'

'Good-bye!' called Dorothy, waving her hand from a distance. 'I'll see you later.'

'Why, how strange!' thought Helen and Grace, 'not coming into her own home!'

But they had very little time to wonder about Dorothy's doings, for Marguerite was calling them to 'hurry up and meet mamma.'

Mrs. Fairchild was a very sweet and interesting lady—an invalid, who could not leave her chair unassisted.

'I'm as hungry as a hunter,' Marguerite declared.

Mrs. Fairchild smiled.

'I thought you would be,' she said, 'and dinner will be served whenever you are ready for it.'

The trio ran up the polished mahogany staircase to Marguerite's room, which Helen and Grace called a 'dream.' It was rosy like a red-gold sunset, with silken draperies of the hue of a pink rose petal. It had soft rugs, and everything one touched or saw was a 'thing of beauty.' There was only one bed in it—a single bed of carved mahogany with a canopy of pink silk. The guests were wondering where Dorothy slept.

'Then Dorothy does not room with you?' said Helen questioningly.

'Why no, of course not; she has a dear little room in her own home.'

'In her own home?' gasped Grace. 'Why, isn't this her home?'

'I wish it were,' said Marguerite.

'Isn't it?' asked Helen.

'No.'

'Everybody always thought that you were both living at Glen Elder,' said Helen.

'So we are, my dear, we both live here—only Dorothy's home is with her father and mother right here on our grounds. Her father has been our coachman 18 years, and a better man never lived. His name is Stephen Fairchild, but he is not related to us. Dorothy was born the same year I was—yes, the same month. We have been friends and comrades ever since we knew enough to smile and coo at each other. She is as dear to me as if she were my own sister.'

'Dinner is served,' announced a white-aproned little maid.

After dinner Marguerite said:

'Supposing we go over to Dorothy's, she will want you to meet her father and mother.'

'Can it be true?' thought Grace Bentley, 'will she want us to meet her father—a coachman.'

But it was even so. They found Dorothy on the porch, over which a wealth of June roses were climbing. Her father and mother were with her, both with toil-worn hands, but with love-lit eyes. Dorothy—beautiful Dorothy—was sitting between them, one fair hand clasping her mother's worn one, the other on her father's knee. She welcomed the three girls in her charming way.

'My father and mother, girls,' she said to Helen and Grace.

There was a rosebud in her father's buttonhole, she had put it there. She showed them over the pretty cottage, tarrying awhile in her own little room, simply furnished in white and gold, and yet so dear to her.

'Come, now,' said Marguerite, 'you have not been to see mamma yet, Dorothy, dear.'

'I'll go now—this minute. I think mamma and papa will spare me a while.'

She kissed them both fondly as she went out, then, after going a few steps, she smiled back at them, waving her hand as she sang in her glorious voice:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

A lump came up in Grace Bentley's throat.

She did not sleep much that night; she was thinking of her father—her dear, good father.

'Oh, what a mean girl I am,' she said to herself over and over again, 'and what a darling Dorothy Fairchild is!'

She wished she was going home right away—that very minute. But three days do not last for ever, and very soon she was at home in her father's arms.

'Oh, papa!' she cried, 'dear papa, I'm so glad to be home with you once more.'

The worn, furrowed face that had been so weary for a few days suddenly lighted up.

'I'm rejoiced to hear you say so. I was afraid it would seem dull to you here, but I'll do my best.'

'Papa, you have always done your best—ever since I can remember you have been the same dear, patient, loving, generous father. Now I am going to do my best—I'll promise you.'

'Lord bless you, my little Grace.'

There was a pathetic quiver in his kindly voice, but his face glowed.

'He has blessed me in giving me the best father in the world—the very best.'

Suddenly a great burden had rolled off the good man's heart. He had not felt so happy for years. He wanted to cry out, he felt like shouting, but all he did was to say gently:

'My little daughter!'—'New York Evangelist.'

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness or speaking a true word or making a friend.—John Ruskin.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Song of the Pendulum.

Tick—Tock! Now little boy, rise!
The sun has come creeping to peep at your eyes.
He wakened the blossoms and washed them in dew,
Then dried their wet faces,
And now wakens you.

Tick—Tock! Oh, little boy, run!
For high in the sky is the bright morning sun.
Each birdie is busily learning his song,
Like you they must study,
Come, hasten along.

Tick—Tock! 'Tis dinner time, see
How heavily laden is good Mrs. Bee
With honey she gathered from many a cup
Of sweet summer blossoms
Like you she must sup.

Tick—Tock! No work lasts alway
Too wise would you grow if you studied all day
And happy the hours when the school-time is done.
Away with your lessons,
Aho! now, for fun!

Tick—Tock! Old Bossy comes by,
It's milking time, surely, how fast the hours fly!
Come now, feed the chickens and call home the cows,
For short is the time that
The old sun allows.

Tick—Tock! 'Tis sleepy time now
Each birdie is cozy on some little bough
For lessons are over, and play is all done.
Good-night to the flowers!
Good-night to the sun!

Tick—Tock! Stills sings the old clock.
I call you to lessons, I send you to play,
I tell you of mealtimes all through the long day,
I call up the seconds and tell them to go,
I reckon the minutes and hours as you know.

No rest comes at all to the busy old clock—
Tick—Tock! Tick—Tock.

—'Rayon de Soleil.'

Bob's Plan.

(Hilda Richmond, in the 'Sunday-School Messenger.')

'It's my turn now!' said Belle. 'You've had twenty swings! I've counted.'

'No such thing!' said Joe. 'It's only sixteen. I've got four more.'

'That isn't fair!' burst out Belle. 'I think you are too selfish for anything, Joe Burton.'

'Children!' said a voice from the sitting-room window. 'Mother is very sorry you can not play together like good little children. I am afraid Bob will have to come and take the swing down if you can not agree.

'I have a plan, mother,' said Bob, who was a big boy of thirteen. 'Just wait a minute.'

He ran quickly down to the barn where he had a tool shed in one corner, and presently he was pounding for dear life. Joe got out of the swing to run and see what he was doing, with Belle close behind, but the door was latched, and Bob called to them to run away, as he was very busy.

'Now come and see!' called Bob from the swing half an hour later.

The children ran and found a wide seat board in the swing, with a little division between, so that Joe could sit on one side and Belle on the other. 'How nice!' they cried, and scrambled into the new seat. Up into the apple boughs on one side, and up into the boughs on the other side they went, and

from that time there was no more trouble about the swing.

'I think Bob does the very nicest things, don't you, mother?' said Joe. 'We can both have good times at once.'

'Indeed he does,' said their mother. 'I can have good times, too, now that my little boy and girl have learned how to play together happily.'

What Josie Found in the Woods.

(Jane Ellis Joy, in the 'Sunday-School Times.')

Josie and his mamma were visiting Aunt Martha, who lived on a farm. The little boy did not often get to the country, and he was much pleased with everything he saw. The chickens and little ducks, the calves and horses, and even the pigs, were interesting to him.

There were no children at Aunt Martha's for him to play with, but he soon learned to amuse himself. He loved to go to the quiet, cool woods with Bonnie racing ahead. Now and then doggie would look back and give a little friendly bark, as if to say, 'Come along, Josie! There are no snakes about! I'll take good care that nothing hurts you!'

Josie found curious lichens clinging to old stumps in the woods, and sometimes he gathered these for mamma, who covered picture-frames with them.

One day when he was climbing a tree he found a bird's nest snugly set inside three forking branches. There were no birds in the nest. The eggs had been hatched, and the little birds had flown away weeks ago.

'I guess Mrs. Birdie won't want the old nest again,' thought Josie. 'I should like to give it to teacher when I go back to school.'

The nest was built of little twigs and dry grass, with a mixture of dry mud on the outside. It was shaped like a shallow bowl; but it had a very thick bottom, or base. Josie took pains to remove the nest without breaking it. He tied it up in his handkerchief, and slid down the tree carefully. Of course, if he had found eggs or little birds in the nest he would not have touched it for the world. He knew how mother birds love their eggs and little baby birds.

Josie ran home with his treasure, and showed it to Aunt Martha and mamma. 'The nest must have a hollow in the bottom of it,' he said. 'Something rattles inside. I didn't know birds built cellars to their nests.'

Aunt Martha knew something about birds and their habits. 'It is the nest of a yellow warbler,' she said. Very carefully she lifted a mat of grass and dried mud in the bottom of the nest, and what do you suppose she found in the little enclosure that Josie called the 'cellar?' Two small eggs and one large egg of a different color!

'O auntie! How did the eggs get there?' asked Josie, who was very much surprised. 'Why, it's really two nests, one built on top of the other!'

'Yes, it is two nests, one built on top of the other,' said Aunt Martha. 'Let me tell you how the top nest came to get built. At first, early in the season, Mrs. Yellow Warbler built the under nest. After she had laid her second egg she found one day this big egg, which she knew was not her own. There are lazy birds which lay their eggs in the nests of other birds to save themselves the trouble of making nests and of hatching.

'Now Mrs. Yellow Warbler does not like to be imposed upon in this way. She did not want to hatch out a big bird that might crowd her own little birdies out of the nest, and eat up all the food. I dare say she fluttered about and scolded when she found the strange egg in her nest. Then perhaps she said to herself, "Scolding does no good, and I can't lift the big egg out of the nest, so I'll just build another nest on top, and lay some more eggs for myself." And that is what she did.'

'So the egg of the lazy bird who tried to take advantage didn't get hatched at all,' said Josie. 'I think it served her right.'

Her Friend.

There is nothing like a stanch friend. At a 'home' in the country which the children of the slums are allowed to visit for a short term in the summer the following incident occurred. A party of a hundred of the youngsters were on their way back to the city. The attendant noticed that one of the girls, Rosie, was walking clumsily. A writer in the New York 'Tribune' tells the story:

When the attendant heard a chorus of gibes all aimed at little Rosie, she saw that the girl was wearing a pair of shoes of large size. Then the attendant remembered that Rosie had had a new pair of shoes, and the little girl was asked about it.

'Well,' said Rosie, 'you see, the shoes ain't mine. They're Katie's. I know they're awful big, but her mamma ain't had any work lately, so she couldn't buy her a new pair. She just gave her own shoes to Katie.

'Katie felt awful bad about it, and cried all the way to the station. The girls laughed at her. So I just lent her my new shoes and took hers.

'You see, teacher,' said Rosie, raising her eyes to the attendant's face, 'Katie's my friend.'

Travelling.

I'd travel many, many miles
To see a little girl that smiles;
But I found she cried all day,
I'd travel miles the other way.

—Selected.

Lost and Found.

Lost.

A rollicking baby with eyes of blue,
Good, and happy, the long day through;
Warm and rosy, and dimpled and sweet,
From her curly head to her tiny feet.

Found.

A dear little girlie with thoughtful eyes,
Looking with wonder and sweet surprise,
On the many new things she sees each day—
Dear little maiden so loving and gay.

O, dear chubby baby, we loved you so,
We dreaded so much to have you go;
But we welcome the girlie, and love her more
Than the precious baby we had before.

—New York 'Observer.'

All For You.

Do you know what is often done with old shoes? They are chopped up and made into buttons, combs and a good many other useful little articles. Old tin cans get back into your play room as toy soldiers. Old cannon are made into iron beds. Your pearl buttons are nothing but oyster shells, most likely—only you couldn't button up your dress with oyster shells, and so somebody takes the trouble to make them over into a more convenient shape for you.

—Selected.

The 'Putitoffs.'

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn,
On the banks of the River Slow,
Where blooms the Waitawhile flower fair,
Where the Sometimeorother scents the air,
And the soft Goeasys grow?

It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse,
In the province of Letitslide,
That tired feeling is native there—
It's the home of the listless-I don't care,
Where the Putitoffs abide.

—Selected.

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Temperance

'Ain't it Queer.'

An Earnest Word to Wage-Earners.

Hear the voices of the brewers now resounding loud and bold,
And the shareholders are joining in—their pockets lined with gold;
And the publicans are shouting (they must do as they are told),
'Let the poor man have his beer!'
Let the poor man have his beer!
Let his heart be filled with cheer!
And we'll pocket all his money, while he's feeling rather funny.
That is what your friends are saying. Ain't it queer?

Cries the brewer, 'See the taxes that our traffic pays away!
We support the British Navy!' 'Who' supports it, does he say?
Trust the brewer for the taxes, for he takes enough to pay
When the poor man has his beer!
'Let the poor man have his beer!
Let him wipe our taxes clear!
And we'll carry dear John Bull, while he keeps our pockets full,
For he's just a bit top-heavy!' Ain't it queer?

See the gaols and convict prisons, with their bolts and iron bands!
More than half are there through liquor!—'More' than 'half,' that's how it stands;
And the people pay the taxes, and the brewer rubs his hands,
'Let the poor man have his beer.
Let the poor man have his beer!
Who's a right to interfere?'
Till he sinks a bit 'too' low, then to prison let him go.'
And the people pay expenses! Ain't it queer?

Half our lunatics and paupers are the victims of the drink:
Who support our great asylums and our workhouses, d'you think?
'Tis the 'people' pay the taxes, and the 'brewer' takes the chink,
And the poor man has his beer.
'Let the poor man have his beer,
Till his brain is none too clear,
Till it gets too soft to lead him; then we'll shut him up and feed him.'
And the people pay expenses! Ain't it queer?

See that rising little suburb with its homes so bright and gay:
How the property is thriving! for the tenants come and stay;
Till the brewer begs a licence, which John Bull bestows straightway,
And the poor man has his beer.
'Let the poor man have his beer!'
Then the three gold balls appear;
Then the shame and degradation, empty houses, spoliation,
Yet 'no' talk of compensation! Ain't it queer?

Hear the crying of the children, an exceeding bitter cry!
'We are cold and hungry, Daddy! Do not stay the drink to buy!'
Say, who drowns their little voices with the shout that rises high,
'"Let the poor man have his beer!"'
Let the poor man have his beer!
Let us drain his pockets clear.'
Lo! a helpless wreck he's lying!—and the children still are crying,
'We are cold and hungry, Daddy!' Ain't it queer?

Oh! the many millions yearly spent on liquor! Pause and think!
'Tis your 'friends' can have the comforts, for 'tis you that have their drink.
'Tis no wonder that they love you! that they tell you with a wink,
'Let the poor man have his beer!
Let the poor man have his beer:
Let his home be cold and drear:
When its horrors grow appalling we will keep him loudly bawling,
"Britons never shall be slaves!"' Ain't it queer?
Hear the voices of the workmen, 'We have got no work to do!
For the industries are failing, and the trades are flagging, too.'
Yet there is a trade that flourishes, and flourishes through 'you,'
When the poor man has his beer.
'Let the poor man have his beer!'
See the 'Drink's' grim hand appear:—
O'er the factory town it lingers; robs their trade with grasping fingers,—
And that little 'bank' is empty! Ain't it queer?
Oh! the many millions yearly 'saved' from liquor! Can't you tell
How those 'other' trades would flourish, and the industries as well,
Where you then could find employment, and your pockets, too, would swell
With the cash now saved from beer?
Let the poor man 'turn' from beer!
Let his home be filled with cheer!
Home, with comforts daily growing, food, and clothes, and firelight glowing!
Things that keep those trades a-going. Bright idea!

Then awake! ye poor of England! they have drugged you far too long!
Then arise; ye British workmen, ye have suffered cruel wrong!
Break away their galling fetters; heed ye not their mocking song—
'Let the poor man have his beer!'
Let the brewers 'keep' their beer!
It has cost you far too dear!
Leave your vaunted friends behind you: tell them, when they seek to bind you,
'Britons never shall be slaves!' No fear! !

Meaty Wines.

A generation ago it was not uncommon for the benevolent practitioner of domestic medicine to prepare a tonic wine by putting a few grains of quinine into a bottle of cheap sherry or orange wine. The idea presented certain attractions, and as often happens with regard to other domestic remedies, it has been taken up by manufacturers, and at the present time there are a very large number of medicated wines and alcoholic preparations, bearing various fancy names, upon the market. In some cases the addition to the wine consists of a drug such as quinine or coca; in others, of meat or malt extracts, either alone or in combination. 'With regard to the meat wines, the chief objection on public grounds to their use is that persons who might not otherwise be disposed to take a glass of sherry or port at odd times during the day may be induced to take a wine containing as much alcohol because of the nourishing constituents which have been introduced into it by the addition of meat or malt, or both. Without laboring the question whether meat extracts can properly be called nutritious or not, it may be pointed out that by the use of these meat wines the alcoholic habit may be encouraged or established, and that it is a mistake to suppose that they possess any high nutritive qualities.' Samples of seven meat wines, including, it is believed, all those most extensively used in this country at the present time, have been submitted to analysis, and in all instances the percentage of alcohol present approaches that commonly present in sherry or port. Some are probably made from sherry or other wine of similar type, and others, as their vendors profess, from port. The addition of malt extract in the quantities indicated by the analyses would, of course, lower appreciably the relative percentage of alcohol in the meat wine as compared with that in the sherry or port from which it was made. The same remark would apply to the meat extract if, as is probable, it is first dissolved in a little water before it is added to the wine. The beef and iron wine contained about 2 grains of iron in a wineglassful. In the meat wine stated to contain quinine, the amount of that drug present must have been very minute, for it was too small to be weighed or identified, or even to respond to so delicate a test as the formation of a fluorescent solution.—The 'British Medical Journal.'

..HOUSEHOLD..

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

The home dressmaker should keep a little catalogue scrap book of the daily pattern cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

2862.—Misses' combination corset-cover and petticoat, closing at back and with or without the flounce.—Any of the sheer white materials may be used to good advantage for this charming undergarment. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

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Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No. ....., size ....., name of pattern ....., as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

The Counsellor and the Close Comrade of His Sons.

Writing of the ideal father and ideal home-training, in the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' Frances Evans refers to the home life of a well-known writer 'who considers no affair of greater importance than the direction of his four boys' minds. His boys run in age from ten to seventeen, but even the little lad of ten is admitted to the family talks, which are teaching these boys to think for themselves. Instead of telling the children to "keep quiet" at the dining-table, both parents, with wise kindness, promote and direct the natural talkativeness of youth into fruitful channels. The father brings home the news of the day, and each boy is encouraged to express himself on these current topics when they dine at night, provided he is willing to think about what he is saying, not deliver some careless, ignorant opinion, then obstinately stick to it. Argument is encouraged, and frequently started by the father. Each boy may give free rein to his opinion as long as he keeps his temper and argues his best. No slovenly habits of thought or expression are permitted in this family. The topic in hand may be anything from football to the latest scientific discovery.'

The Tragedy of the Childless Home.

(The Rev. William Spurgeon, D.D., in the 'Home Herald.')

The coming of the Christ sanctified child life and placed a crown of beauty and glory on the head of every little boy and girl. Only that home is a happy one where there is the patter of little feet and the ring of childish laughter. God gives to a man and a woman His best gifts when He gives them children. Every child that comes into our lives is a proof of His love. I have nothing but pity for the childless woman. Many of them can blame themselves alone. They do not want

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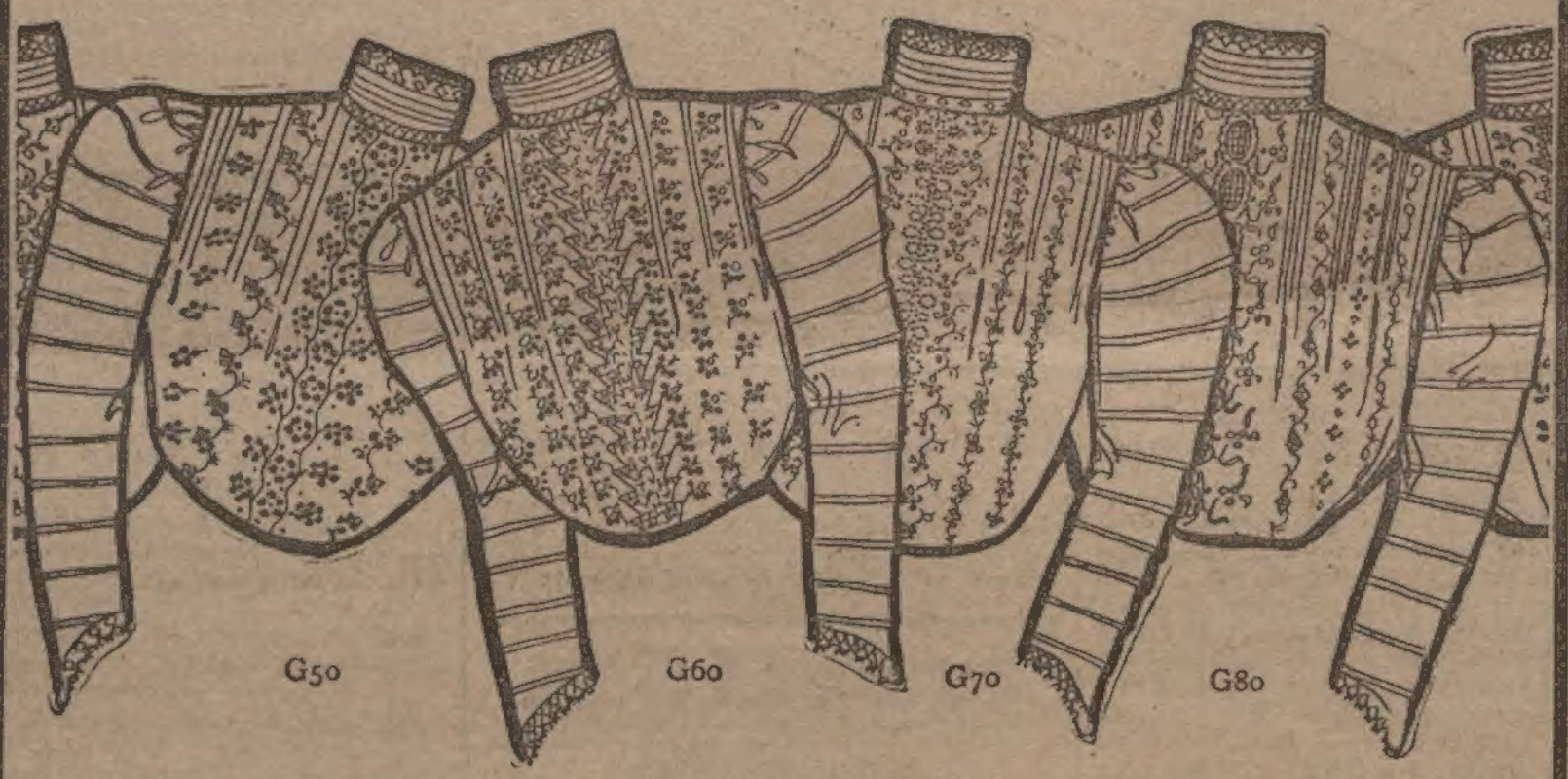

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